

The Carpet from Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER
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"No. It's all chance, you know. The rules of the game are steel-bound. We find you an adventure; it's up to you to make good."

"But, once more suppose a chap gets a little too rough a game, and doesn't turn up for his dividends; what then?"

"In that event," answered Ryanne sadly, "the stock reverts to the general fund."

George lay back in his chair and let go his laughter. "You are mighty good company, Mr. Ryanne."

"Well, well; we'll say nothing more about it. But a moment gone you spoke as if you were game for an exploit."

"I still am. But if I knew the adventure was prearranged, as you say, and I was up against a wall, there would be the inclination to cable the firm for more instructions."

Ryanne himself laughed this time. "That's a good idea. I don't believe the company ever thought of such a contingency. But I repeat, our business is to give you the kick-off. After that you have to fight for your own downs."

"The stock isn't listed?" again laughing.

"Scarcely. One man tells another, as I tell you, and so on."

"You send me the prospectus. I'm rather curious to have a look at it."

"I certainly shall do so," replied Ryanne, with gravity unassumed. "Ah! Here come Mrs. Chedsoye and her daughter. If you don't mind, I'll make myself scarce. I do not care to see them just now, after your having told them about the stolen Yliors."

"I'm sorry," said George, rising eagerly.

"It's all in the game," gallantly. George saw him gracefully maneuver his way round the crush toward the stairs leading to the bar. Really, he would like to know more about this amiable free-lance. As the old fellows used to say, he little dreamed that destiny, one of those things from Pandora's box, was preparing a deeper and more intimate acquaintance.

"And what has been amusing you, Mr. Jones?" asked Mrs. Chedsoye. "I saw you laughing."

"I was talking with the rug chap. He's a droll fellow. He said that he had met you somewhere, but concluded not to renew the acquaintance, since I told him that his adventure in part was known to you."

"That is foolish. I rather enjoy meeting men of his stamp. Don't you, Fortune?"

"Sometimes," with a dry little smile. "I believe we have met him, mother. There was something familiar about his head. Of course, we saw him only from a distance."

"I do not think there is any real harm in him," said George. "What made me laugh was a singular proposition he set before me. He said he owned stock in a concern called 'The United Romance and Adventure Company,' and that for a specified sum of money, one could have any adventure one pleased."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" cried the mother merrily. Fortune searched her face keenly. "The United Romance and Adventure Company?"

"He must have been joking. What did you say his name is?"

"Ryanne. Joking is my idea exactly," George agreed. "The scheme is to plunge the stockholder into a real live adventure, and then let him pull himself out the best way he can. Sounds good. He added that this rug business was an instance of the success of the concern. There goes the music. Do you dance, Miss Chedsoye?"

"A little." Fortune was preoccupied. She was wondering what lay behind Mr. Ryanne's amiable jest.

"Go along, both of you," said Mrs. Chedsoye. "I am too old to dance. I prefer watching people." She sat down and arranged herself comfortably. She was always arranging herself comfortably; it was one of the secrets of her perennial youth. She was very lovely, but George had eyes for the daughter only. Mrs. Chedsoye saw this, but was not in the least chagrined.

"It is so many years since I tripped the light fantastic toe," George confessed, reluctantly and nervously, now that he had bravely committed himself. "It is quite possible that the accent will be primarily upon the trip."

"Perhaps, then," replied the girl, who truthfully was out of tune, "perhaps I had better get my wraps and we'll go outside. The night is glorious."

She couldn't have suggested anything more to his liking. And so, after a little hurrying about, the two young people went outside and began to promenade slowly up and down the mole. Their conversation was desul-

tory. George had dropped back into his shell and the girl was not equal to the task of drawing him out. Once he stumbled over a sleeping beggar, and would have fallen had she not caught him by the arm.

"Thanks. I'm clumsy."

"It's rather difficult to see them in the moonlight; their rags match the pavements."

The Egyptian night, that sapphire darkness which the flexible imagination peoples with lovely and terrible shades, or floods with mystery and romance and wonder, lay softly upon this strip of verdure aslant the desert's face, the Valley of the Nile. The moon, round, brilliant, strangely near, suffused the scarred old visage of the world with phantom silver; the stones of the parapet glowed dully; the pavement glistened whitely, all things it touched with gentleness, lavishing beauty upon beauty, mellowing ugliness or effacing it. The deep blue Nile, beribboned with the glancing lights from the silent feluccas, curling musically along the sides of the frost-like dahabeahs and steamers, rolled on to the sea; and the blue-white arc-lamps, spanning the Great Nile bridge, took the semblance of a pearl necklace. From time to time a caravan trooped across the bridge into Cairo. The high and low weird notes of the tom-toms, the wheezing protests of the camels, the raucous defiance of the donkeys, the occasional thin music of reeds, were sounds that crossed and recrossed one another, incessantly.

"Do you care for poetry, Mr. Jones?"

"I? I used to write it."

"And you aren't afraid to admit it?"

"Well, I shouldn't confess the deed to every one," he answered frankly. "We all write poetry at one time or another; but it's generally not constitutional, and we recover."

"I do not see why any one should be ashamed of writing poetry."

"Ah, but there is poetry and poetry. My kind and Byron's is born of kindred souls; but he was an active genius, whereas, I wasn't even a passive one. In all great poets I find my own rejected thoughts, as Emerson says; and that's enough for my slender needs. Poets are rather uncomfortable chaps to have round. They

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is in love, his troubles begin, the imaginary ones. Is he worthy? Can he always provide for her? Is it possible for such a marvelous creature to love an insignificant chap like himself? And that worst of mental poisons, is she in love with any one else? What to do to win her? The feats of Hercules, of Perseus, of Jason; what mad piece of heroism can he lay his hand to that he may wake the slumbering fires, and having roused them, continue to feed them? Manhood, meaning that decade between thirty and forty, looks upon this phase, abashed. After all, it wasn't so terrible; there were vaster emotions, vaster achievements in life to which in comparison love was as a candle held to the sun.

Again she stopped, leaning over the parapet and staring down at the water swirling past the stone embankment. He did likewise, resting upon his folded arms. Suddenly his tongue became alive; and quietly, without hesitancy or embarrassment, he began to tell her of his school life, his life at home. And the manner in which he spoke of his mother warmed her; and she was strangely and wonderfully attracted.

"Of course, the mother meant the best in the world when she gave me Percival Algernon; and because she meant the best, I have rarely tried to hide them. What was good enough for her to give was good enough for me to keep. It is simply that I have been foolish about it, supersensitive. I should have laughed and accepted the thing as a joke; instead, I made the fatal move of trying to run away and hide. But, taking the name in full," lightly, "it sounds as incongruous as playing Trauerel on a steam-piano."

He expected her to laugh, but her heart was too full of the old ache. This young man, kindly, gentle, intelligent, if shy, was a love-child. And she? An offspring, the loneliest of the lonely, the child that wasn't wanted. Many a time she had thought of flinging all to the winds, of running away and hiding where they never should find her, of working with her own hands for her bread and butter. Little they'd have cared. But always the rebel spirit died within her as she stepped outside the villa gates. To leave behind for unknown privations certain assured comforts, things of which she was fond, things to which she was used, she couldn't do it, she just couldn't. Morally and physically she was a little coward.

"Let us go in," she said sharply. Another moment, and she would have been in tears.

(To be continued.)

HER SHARE OF THE BUREAU

Girl Visitor's Idea of a Division Seemed to Be to Take All the Space You Could Get.

"A friend came to visit me last week," said the Girl Flapper, "and as there is only one bureau I told her I would have to share it with her. So I pushed my things out of the way and she began to unpack. This is what she put out:

"A bottle of spirits of camphor, a bottle of camphor water and boracic acid that she uses for her eyes, a bottle of witch hazel, another of benzoin, a box of face powder and a tin of talcum powder, a make-up box, sixteen ivory toilet things, four Stevenson texts in frames, an atomizer, a bottle of ammonia, another of oil of pennyroyal for mosquitoes, nine batpins, a sewing bag, a jewelry box, some perfume and an alcohol lamp."

"Now, I'll unpack my bathroom things," she said, and she took out three sponges, large, medium and small; a rubber bath glove, a bottle of liquid soap and four kinds of tooth powders and mouth washes, a patent exerciser, a bathrobe and slippers, an antiseptic bathbrush, a rubber spray, a thermometer and a whiskbroom."

"Then she borrowed my button-hook."

Surprise Boxes in Shark Stomachs.

Fishermen in the Caribbean sea recently found in the stomach of a shark which they had killed a good sized bottle in which was a half-decipherable letter from a shipwrecked sailor. Many such relics have been found. In one case a lady's bracelet was found in a state of perfect preservation, together with a silver spoon and a thousand Spanish reals in money. The curious feature of the finding of the money was that it was in an official receptacle lost in the city of Spanish Town (Jamaica) during a negro uprising in the seventeenth century. Where had it been meantime? Surely not in the shark's stomach, unless the shark lives a much longer time (or some of them) than science has any reason to suppose possible. On the other hand, if in the sea it would have been rendered unrecognizable in a few weeks. Had it been in the possession of some one shipwrecked, why had it been left intact? The conclusion was inevitable that the shark must have fished it out from a compartment of some long-submerged vessel.—Harper's Weekly.

Stimulating Effect of Advertising. And one of the most wonderful things about advertising is the stimulating effect it has on the advertiser, whether it be store, factory or city. Haven't you noticed that the merchant who advertises in strong and effective fashion is the one whose goods are well displayed in a spotless store, whose business methods are sound, whose merchandise measures up to the highest standard?—Herbert S. Huston.

Misjudged Qualifications. Chief Wilkie of the secret service received an application the other day from an employee in a blast furnace in Pittsburgh, who says he wants to become a sleuth and work for Uncle Sam. Here is the way he presented his qualifications to the chief enemy of counterfeiters:

"I have read all the detective stories I can get hold of. I have watched the railroad detectives work. I am quick on the tongue and attract attention wherever I go."

A man in the secret service is supposed to have no tongue and never to make his appearance in public. The Pittsburgh correspondent will not be given the position he seeks under Mr. Wilkie.

Filipino Like American Games. It is remarkable the hold which athletics have taken on the people, particularly in the Bontoc region. They have developed some fine runners and jumpers and the most distinguished among them enter the sports with enthusiasm.

At Lubuagan the people were initiated into such American games as the pillow fight, and entered into the game with spirit. One man succeeded in making 5 feet 4 inches in the high jump in that town. Next year it is proposed to have a great central meet for the people of all the mountain provinces at Bontoc.—Manila Times.

SOCIETY AT THE HORSE SHOW

Fashionable Washington Not Slow to Pay Him Homage at Annual Exhibit.

Under a canopy of bright skies his majesty, King Horse, held sway in Washington for the greater part of horse show week, the occasion being the second annual exhibit of the National Capital Horse Show association. Fashionable Washington was not slow to pay him due homage, and the flower-bedecked grandstand and boxes, as well as the sawdust promenade around the ring, were thronged each day from shortly after noon until well-nigh to 7 o'clock.

An inspiring musical program was furnished each afternoon, the musicians of the Marine Band, the Fort Meyer Band and the Engineer Band from the Washington Barracks alternating.

Some exceptionally smart spring feminine toilettes made their debut in the boxes and grandstand each day in sharp and picturesque contrast to the severe garb of the women riding in the various events. Most of the



Miss Gladys Hinckley.

army men, either among the spectators or riding, wore their uniforms, lending a touch of military pomp to the occasion.

About the most conspicuous among the many well-dressed women who attended the show may be mentioned Miss Gladys Hinckley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hinckley, and the girl who was made famous by Baron Rosen, who pronounced her one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen.

HOSPITALITIES FOR PRINCES

Washington Society Will Devote Its Energies to Entertaining Them in June.

Scarcely had the Red Cross delegates left the capital than society was called upon to prepare for other hospitalities to be extended to Prince Christian von Hessen-Philippsthal-Barchfeld and Prince Heinrich XXXVII. and the officers of the German squadron which will arrive in American waters early in June. Washington is interested in the coming of the distinguished personages whom it will bring, but because one of the cruisers will be commanded by Commander Retzmann, who until recently was naval attache of the German embassy. Commander Retzmann was one of the genuinely popular members of the diplomatic corps during his term of duty here, and general regret was expressed when he was ordered back to sea duty. At that time neither he nor his friends here knew that he would so soon return to Washington, if only for a short time.

Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, has deferred his trip to Europe until after the visit of the German princes. In July, however, he will go to Germany to join his family for the summer.

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Suspended Animation.

As we descend in the scale of animal life we find that what kills the higher animals does not injure the lower. Cut a polyp in two, and you have two living polyps instead of one dead polyp. Break off a lobster's claw, and another will grow. You may, it has been said, freeze a fly, but you cannot freeze it to death. There are infusoria called "wheel-animalcules." These rotifers have many curious qualities, among which is that of suspending animation for an indefinite period without ceasing to live.

Colonies of rotifers may be dedicated and rendered apparently lifeless, and in this condition they may be kept for months and years, and possibly centuries. A single drop of water will restore them to life, and the wheel-bearers will instantly resume their functional activity precisely at the point where it was broken off.—Harper's Weekly.

Neat!

A Washington man called upon a charming but homely woman, who had not long before had her portrait painted. The artist had done his work well, from a friendly point of view, and the lady was correspondingly pleased. She was not, however, so blind as not to see that the portrait was, as one might say, a trifle "idealized."

As she exhibited it to her caller she said: "What do you think of it? Has not the artist rather flattered me?"

The visitor looked at the picture, then at the lady, and with an eloquent sigh answered: "Ah, my dear lady, how could a painter sit in your company and not flatter you?"

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\$1.98 ladies' white lawn waists, remnant price, each98c
\$1.00 ladies' parasols, remnant price each69c
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25c children's rompers, remnant price each15c
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Misses' linen finish dresses, sizes 15 to 19, \$1.50 value, remnant price each98c

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